

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



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MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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Reverend Mother Mary Catharine
Superior General of the Sisters of Mercy
Mt. St. Mary, So. Plainfield, N. J.

Due to our Magazine being under print at the time of Reverend Mother Catharine's departure for her "heavenly home", we have had to delay to pay that humble tribute, well deserved by our dear Mother.

Our Congregation, and especially the Community at Metuchen, owes a deep debt of gratitude to dear Mother Catharine, which has and will be prayerfully remembered by the members of the Congregation.

From the very beginning of our United States foundation, she took a keen interest in our works — she has watched its development; its growth and progress produced a vivid joy, as if it had been her own little family.

Her spiritual aid has also helped in the days of hardship and struggle, often unspectingly she played the role of St. Joseph, providing urgent needs to the newly arrived Community.

She held many positions of importance in her Community. In spite of these numerous responsibilities and anxieties, she took a kindly interest in everyone; the needs of the Missions were not forgotten when we had interviews with her. Reverend Mother Catharine had a Missionary heart.

We feel sure, dear Sisters, that she is reaping the reward of her generosity and has been well received in heaven by Our Dear Lord, Our Blessed Mother, and her own dear ones. May we ask all our Readers to whisper a prayer for Reverend Mother Catharine.

R. I. P.

THE 9th NATIONAL EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, known as the White Sisters wish to express their sincere gratitude for the kind invitation sent by His Excellency the Most Reverend John G. Murray, D.D., Archbishop of St. Paul, to attend the Ninth National Eucharistic Congress, at St. Paul, Minnesota and to take part in the Mission Exhibit held in Ireland Hall, situated in the centre, where the Eucharistic Congress ceremonies took place.

Whilst partaking in the Mission Exhibit, the Exhibitors were enabled to share in the spiritual exercises of those memorable days. During this time, throngs of visitors surged round the booths and were glad to get information from the various orders. The general reflexion on leaving was: "I never knew there were so many Missionary Orders."

May these acquaintances make better known the foreign and home Missions also arouse a keen and vital interest for these works.

Showing the vast labors of the Missionaries and the inadequacy of their

means is not sufficient if a Mission Exhibit is to fulfill its purpose. They must present practical and attractive ways of helping out which are - by spiritual help - fostering vocations - try to enliven that spirit of self-sacrifice which will fill the empty extended hand of the poor and needy. May the near future bear the expected fruits of these Mission displays.

THE 12th NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE C.S.M.C.

Rochester gave a warm welcome to over twelve hundred Officers and delegates to the 12th National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade who came, from all over the United States, to discuss, with Missionaries returning from the foreign field of action, the need of vocations and financial help to promote the cause of Christ in the numerous mission lands that are being devastated by the European upheaval.

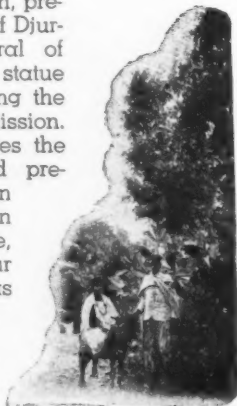
An interesting feature of the Convention, which brought out vividly the universality of the Catholic Church in which all races and colors are equal, was the

(Please turn to page 39)

Mary in Kabylia

WHAT I SAW

I SAW on the high, precipitous peaks of Djurdjura, in several of our stations, the statue of Mary overlooking the grounds of the mission. Thus she dominates the country side and presents to it her Son whom she holds in her arms. It is she, our Mother and our Queen, who has brought to this land conquered by Islam, the grace of the Redemption, which in its turn, has conquered Islam. This fact is proved by the little Christian communities grouped about the dwellings of the Missionaries of Our Lady of Africa.



I saw these fervent Christians, even more fervent because they are subject to the constant annoyance of the Musselmen who harass them, mock them, scorn them and persecute them cunningly. I saw that Mary watches maternally, that she guards her little flock, she reigns at each fireside: I saw that she is their Mother, known and loved by all, the Confidante of all their joys and pains, the Refuge of Sinners, the Help of Christians, the Comforter of the Afflicted.

I saw a tiny child on his mother's knees, learning to cherish the Mother of the dear little Jesus; to smile tenderly at Him and to send to Him from the tips of his baby fingers the sweetest and most gracious of kisses.

I saw Mary from the height of her pedestal smiling at all and drawing them to her tenderly. I saw some Moslem women, hurrying to the fountain,

water jugs on their shoulders, stopping for several moments before the statue of Mary, as do the Christian women, and murmuring a prayer.

"What do you say to her?" A Sister, one day asked one of these poor women.

"I ask her for the love she bears her Son to cure my sick child. She must be good like you, Sister."

The Sister did not allow herself to be disconcerted by the comparison, she replied: "It is she who taught me to love you, to come to live with you in order to help you. She loves you more than I do, she is infinitely better than I. Love her very much, pray to her with confidence."

Over and over again, I saw this scene reenacted before the statue of Mary. Our good and gentle Mother thus procures for us the occasion and grace to speak of her, of her goodness, her purity, her love, and of her Son. Through her we reach the hearts of mothers, young girls and children.

During her beautiful month of May, I saw her modest pedestal hidden under sheaves of wild flowers that were always kept fresh. Encouraged by their teacher, the pupils began to decorate the statue of "Lalla Mariama" themselves. Their bouquets were not masterpieces of art, but to the eyes of Mary who sees the true beauty, what marvels are discovered in this entanglement of foliage and flowers: striking symbol of these simple souls who offer her daily in singing her praises, that artless homage of their filial love. And she, the Immaculate, the All-Powerful, the All-Good, paused to select a little blossom scented with holy wishes and impregnated with divine love.

One little girl, the most faithful in caring for the altar and renewing the flowers, was taken seriously ill. In her poor hut there was no statue of Mary. She confided to her teacher, who visited her, her dream of seeing once



Village in Kabylia

again the humble altar of the Queen of Heaven. To our astonishment the parents themselves, forgetting their hereditary fanaticism braved the reproaches and mockeries of their coreligionists, and brought their little dying girl to our home to stay with us. Some days later they returned for the child unaware of the transformation worked in the soul of little Fatima. At her express demand, she had been instructed and baptized; she went away happy to belong to Mary who soon trans-

planted this little flower into the celestial gardens.

All this is but a glimpse of what I have seen of the devotion of Mary in this mountainous country of Northern Africa. I could relate innumerable incidents but it suffices to know that in dark Africa as everywhere in the Church, Mary is the Mother, She is the Queen, She is the one who is never honored nor invoked in vain.

SISTER M. GERARDA, W.S.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

RANSOMED A YOUNG GIRL FOR CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Mr. Jos. Slabic, Jr., Standish, Mich.

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

Holy Redeemer School, Detroit, Mich.

SS Peter and Paul School, Detroit, Michigan

St. Charles School, Newport, Mich.

Rosary School, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. W. Quick, Detroit, Mich.

Third Grade, St. Mary's School, Norwich Conn.

St. Francis Xavier School, Waterbury, Conn.
(12 babies)

Sixth Grade, St. Joseph Cathedral School, Hartford, Conn.

St. Joseph School, Senior Study Hall, West Branch, Mich.

St. Mary's Convent, Alpena, Mich. (2 babies)

St. Mary School, Saginaw, Mich.

St. Michael Convent, Pinconning, Mich.

St. Francis Xavier, Newark, N. J.

Holy Family School, Grade 7, Springfield, Mass.

St. Joseph's School, Wyandotte, Mich. (2 babies)

St. Mary's School, Westerley, Conn.

Miss F. McNamara, Detroit, Mich.

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING FOR 1 MONTH

M. A. Dabrowolski, Clinton, Mass.

Miss E. Pozonke, New York, N. Y.

PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. D. Godro, Southbridge, Mass.

Miss F. McNamara, Detroit, Mich.

FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE LEPERS

Sr. Rose Magdalen's Class, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale, Calif.

Miss A. Woll, Pittsburg, Pa.

Miss L. Hess, Pittsburg, Pa.

TOWARDS A TABERNACLE ON THE MISSIONS

St. Francis Xavier School, Waterbury, Conn.



Two of our little Catholic Girls

OBITUARY

Right Rev. Msgr. Donnelly, Fitchburg, Mass.

Right Rev. Msgr. Ed. Griffin, So. Amboy, N. J.

Right Rev. Msgr. Ed. Kelly, Jersey City, N. J.

Rev. F. Clement, W.F.

Rev. F. Adriaensen, W.F., Katana, Kivu

Rev. L. Girault, W.F., Maison Carree, Algeria

Rev. Delon, W.F.

Rev. Sr. Gabrielle Marie, W.S., Biskra, Sahara

Rev. Sr. M. Alberte, W.S., St. Charles, Algeria

Mrs. M. Day, Plainfield, N. J.

Mrs. J. Ranfin

Mr. Charles Fullager, Pittston, Pa.

R. I. P.

MOMBASA

Dear Mother,

To all of us here, America appears to be a Wonder Land indeed! I do not mean to say that the people living there are but Elves and Fairies . . . Surely not! But as you know, Mother, things have not stopped being sent to Mombasa for some-time, and I must say every item received has proved most useful and been highly appreciated: from the hugest piano to the tiniest box! Yesterday and to-day again, countless beautiful magazines have arrived, and we delight at the prospect of furnishing our beloved children's minds with good literature and of widening their scope of interest in life! It would take too long, were I to enumerate the various generous offerings received from the kind-hearted Americans . . . I am tempted to add here that "if their purses overflow with silver, their hearts overflow with gold!!" My first duty is therefore to express warm thanks to all those who have remembered our needs and helped us in some way or other.

Mombasa is probably a perfect mixture of "faces and races"! Did you ever hear about Goans? This word does not tell much to an American or European mind. Goans come from India, more directly from Goa, and descend, as we are told, from inter-married Portuguese and Indians. They form a fine race indeed; and when thoroughly civilized, a Goan child could brightly compete with any other cultivated adolescent of refined lands. Goans are not a bit like the Natives and I must add that they unfortunately look upon the black race as being much inferior to theirs.

In the School here, most of our children are Goans, converted to Catholicism by the world-wide known St. Francis Xavier. We also admit Seychelles, Indians, Eurasians, Japanese, etc. There are actually three hundred and sixty-five children on the roll. - The Kindergarten itself is filled with one hundred and twelve babies. The complete course of studies from the Kindergarten to the Senior Cambridge class inclusively, is given in English. As a remote preparation for higher examinations, a second language, i.e., French, is also included in the school curriculum.

The teaching staff is composed of seven Sisters including the Head-Teacher who is Reverend Mother St. Edwin, and of eight lay teachers as well.

Do you know that music is quite flourishing amongst our pupils? Many of them

The Mystical

take piano lessons in the afternoon and yearly appear for Trinity College Examinations. Some succeed in honorably passing quite a high grade and as musicians of old, strangely delight in long daily practices. It was a year ago that our little orchestra was built up. "And what is it composed of?" will you ask. Well, it consists of a piano, seven violins, two mandolins, one Hawaiian Guitar and of several bells, tambourines and castanets. Oh! I forgot to mention the lovely big drum and cymbals, a "jazz set" occasionally lent to us which adds much to the thrilling effect of the martial music played. When I mention "jazz set", please do not imagine that we have now started to play "jazz music" . . . God forbid! But it does splendidly fulfil the aim of supporting, backing up the delightful duets which we execute. The first public performance took place at the Commencement Exercises.

Very similarly to the rats that followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin, people flocked to our hall when it was announced that a new item was on the programme. The Orchestra, as a new-born babe had then been baptized and named the "C. S. O." (Convent School Orchestra). The children themselves suggested this up-to-date appellation. For the circumstance, every player's head was labelled with a bright and cheery ribbon bearing the bold initials "C. S. O." The C. S. O. won the heart



Indian Ocean

of all listeners and met with a terrific thunder of applause. The thirty players, big and small, felt grand indeed, and this public sympathy and appreciation did much to increase their consideration for music.

We have no school in the afternoon here and it is a great blessing as the Sisters are thus enabled to visit a Government hospital in which we find easy admittance at any time of the day. There is the "Mystical Indian Ocean" where big and small fish are caught, and forwarded to the heavenly harbor. There it is that we daily witness the paternity of Almighty God, the great action of Providence, and the fruits resulting from the sacrifices of some unknown or far-off hidden soul.

Just a few days ago, a poor Native was brought to the Hospital unconscious after having met with a terrible accident. "Baptize him in case he has the wish of being a Roman Catholic", said the missionary as no one knew anything about the dying man. The Sisters hastened to his bed and poured the water that was perhaps to effectuate such a tremendous change in his soul. On the following day, what was not the Sister's surprise in hearing the sick lying on the next bed say that the Native who had been baptized already belonged to our Church in desire since he was catechumen under instruction in some remote mission. He had thus just come in time

to the Hospital to buy his ticket for Heaven. Is not that a touching event? How good our celestial Father is!

It would take too long to narrate other miracles worked in the souls of the dying; but let us say that this "Mystical Indian Ocean" is our own fishing ground where spiritual fish abound and are quickly entangled in the net! Babies are well turned into lovely angels.

A little before Easter our school children's retreat took place. They enjoyed it thoroughly and managed to put on, for the occasion, the most serious faces! Silence was strictly kept and religious duties carefully discharged. But we lamented a fact: the lack of spiritual books! We had very few in store with the result that many children were left starving. A good book is a great preacher! How many souls have been transformed and inflamed with the love of Christ just by coming across some edifying story! That is why we turn to you in our need and hope that you will hear our request and be able to grant our petition, helped by some generous benefactors.

And before ending this long epistle, dear Mother, let me tell the American Postulants who live in expectancy to become Christ's brides in a few months, that we long to see them all coming to this beloved Africa of ours . . . for the "fields are white to harvest!" Missionaries, missionaries are badly needed! It is a torturing spectacle to behold the sight of pagan crowds . . . How many lives are wasted on the other side of our oceans! Here they could be spent in such a lofty and useful way . . . May Christ call many American girls to Him! May He urge them irresistibly to sacrifice all for Him who cried on the cross: "I thirst!"

SISTER M. OLIVIER, W. S.

On mission at Mombasa.

Because Mombasa is damp it forms an excellent breeding ground for termites, or white ants. They have great powers in the line of destruction, along with a voracious appetite. They will eat anything from a school roof down to a copy book. They make a Superior's hair grow gray, especially when roofs have to be pulled down and renewed when one had planned to build a new class-room with the money.

There is nothing to be done. Tons of carbolic may kill a few thousand but to get to the queen royal, which is constantly laying eggs, is a difficult thing.

Wild animals there are none in Mombasa!



Blaise the Infirmarian

BLAISE, our hospital attendant, is a distinguished medicine man. The patients at our little hospital appreciate his care and very often ask for a consultation in their own homes. The sick who live far away, or whose parents or relatives find it impossible to come for advice, write for help. I read one of these letters, it ended thus:

"O Blaise, my friend, servant of my father, how are you? The worms are killing me. I have something which bites me cruelly from head to foot. Servant of my father, bring me some remedy. I am at T . . . Servant of my father, good bye until this evening."

"Servant of my father" is meant to be a very honorable term. To a woman is said, "Servant of my mother," this title is often given to the Sisters.

Our modest and devoted co-laborer has been helping us at the dispensary for the past twenty years. He surely deserves a distinction! But alas! He will never receive it for he is unknown to those who bestow them.

After making his rounds in the morning, Blaise cares for the people who flock to the dispensary. He has plenty of work, at least a hundred and fifty patients ask for medical attention every day. Our doctor, as the natives call him, has a multitude of bottles and many secrets with which to comfort the sick among his fellow creatures; a marvelous powder which cures all wounds, all sprains, rheumatism, etc.; a decoction of herbs which make one sleep; another medicine to soothe inflamed throats; some powders for fever, among which is quinine.

I said, "he has", . . . I should have said that "he had" because since the war the contents of his bottles have diminished little by little, and in order to keep his clientele he has taxed his ingenuity to refill them, while waiting for fresh supplies; but nothing comes, or if some new medicines do arrive, the quantity is so small for the large number of patients that our assistant is disheartened.

He has no more of those efficacious remedies as in former times. He is losing the confidence of his clients. From everywhere in the surrounding villages there is a rumor, "Blaise gives us water, Blaise gives us water!" Blaise defends himself, then finally utters a sigh and is silent.

Just now he is a very unhappy man who sees his reputation falling apart having done nothing to merit it. Blaise's grief is also mine, especially when I look at the bottles all in a row as formerly, but empty! From time to time I shake them in order to see . . . but alas!

We repeat in vain to the Natives that times are hard, to have patience, soon we shall receive some good medicines again. No one understands. They believe that we are angry, that we do not wish to care for them anymore. What could be more painful to the hearts of the Missionaries?

Everyone is acquainted with the beneficent influence of the care of the sick in pagan lands. It is the demonstration of the Gospel. With this bait the biggest fish are caught and more than one can date his conversion from a meeting in our dispensary.

At the hospital, we have an average of fifty to sixty patients, old women with cancers, children whose gaping wounds allow the bare bones to be seen, victims of various diseases, and others devoured by fever find consolation and relief. There are also some attractive babies seized by a strange sickness which no one has been able to define. They raise their eyes toward Heaven and die in spite of our efforts to save their lives.

This poor Mohammedan has been bitten by a fly which causes sleeping sickness. We talk to him about God, of His love for men, of Christ who forgives, of Baptism which opens Heaven. His soul, prepared to hear the great truths of religion, he is baptized and soon after goes to see God for all eternity.

We find great joy and many consolations in the midst of our Apostolic labors among the numerous pagans who come here to find salvation. It is seldom that those who have been sheltered at the hospital do not express the desire to be instructed in our holy religion.

The most interesting part of the day is when I am busy with the children. There are hundreds of these little ones on their mothers' backs waiting for a consultation. I have two assistants, Martha and Esther. In imitation of Blaise, they stretch out the contents of their medicine bottles. Whatever else it may be, the dispensary is the gateway to Heaven for these black cherubs. So many of them die! The women never refuse to let us baptize the children

and that makes the work much easier.

Our negroes love the Blessed Virgin; the name of Mary is constantly on their lips. When I say to a woman - still a pagan, "Your baby is very sick. I do not know if it will recover," the mother replies, "The Blessed Virgin knows it. Is she not there to look after it?"

The name of Mary is known by all. There is not a hut where it does not resound some time or other. The Christians repeat and sing it. The pagans also sing the sweet name of Mary in their songs, the echoes of which reverberate without end across the forests and mountains of the country.

Is not this the pledge of salvation for the Black Race?

SR. M. CATHERINE OF SIENNA, W. S.
Toro, Rwenzori.

THE 12th NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE C.S.M.C.

(Concluded)

first Solemn High Mass of the Rev. Alejo Regalado, newly ordained Filipino Jesuit; assisted by the Rev. G. Wilson, S.V.D., a Negro, as deacon; and Anthony Gomes, a Portuguese as sub-deacon. An Indian and a Chinese student, both delegates to the Convention were the acolytes, while Rev. Daniel Lord, S. J., preached the sermon.

Between the different forums and other activities of the Convention, the delegates spent their time visiting the Mission Exhibits where the treasures of fifty home and foreign mission Societies were displayed, giving not only to the delegates but also to the thousands of visitors who thronged the booths a magnanimous view of the work accomplished for the salvation of souls. Many came back again and again saying they could not see nor hear enough, never realizing before what the Missionaries were accomplishing and the active part that they, themselves, could take in spreading the Kingdom of Christ our King.

The 12th National Convention was a magnificent display of the faith and zeal of the Crusaders as well as of the interest of our Catholic people at large in the Mission Cause. It aroused hopes that the words of the Crusaders' Hymn, which were sung so often during the Convention will be realized.

"The Sacred Heart for all the world,
The whole world for the Sacred Heart."

NEWS From TABORA

Easter Sunday 1941.

Here we are once more singing Alleluia, just fancy it is already my second Easter on the Missions. We have just come from Pontifical High Mass and Benediction. I cannot tell you how beautiful it was, the Cathedral was packed with people and the school boys sang their very best. If I had not been present at two or three of the singing lessons, (the result of which Father's hair nearly turned white) I would have thought they were angels in disguise. Holy Week is certainly a very busy week on the Missions, but when Easter Day dawns we forget about the work and are so happy to see so many Christians praising Our Lord. Here at Tabora it is nothing compared with Ndala, about thirty-six miles away. I was there a few weeks ago for the week-end and the Church was full to overflowing, the three big doors were flung wide open and many remained outside to hear Mass.

Now before I go any further, Mother and I along with all the Community wish to thank you for the nice things you sent. Sister E. finds the little Gospel pictures very useful as she takes some of the boys for Bible History. When the last lot arrived Sister F. from Ujiji was here, how wide her eyes opened when she saw them, and she was filled with joy when Mother gave her some to take back with her, for she said they are very poor in pictures there. You see they do not stay long in the cupboard, there is always someone getting married and they love to have a nice picture for their home.

I am now teaching in the Boy's School, I have Standard VI and Sister E. has Standard V. I do all my teaching in English, it is only their second year but they understand nearly everything I say, we have just had a very busy time with the Easter exams and now they are going into the country for a week.

Sister John-Fisher W.S.

WILL

Our legal title is

The Missionary Sisters
of Our Lady of Africa,
Metuchen, New Jersey.

Don't forget the missions
in your WILL! You will
never regret it, now or
later.

Guy de Fontgalland

By Rev. L. L. McReavy

ONE DAY towards the end of August, Madame de Fontgalland was in the act of mounting to her room, when down the banister came Guy, legs astride. He slid off as they came level to exchange an affectionate kiss.



"Where have you been, dear?" she asked.

"Your room," he replied. "I've been putting flowers round Your Lord."

The Countess had on her desk a large-size photograph of Mgr. de Giberques, her former director, to whom normally she referred simply as "Monseigneur," i.e., "My Lord." The children had followed suit, speaking of him always as "Your Lord," or "Mamma's Lord," and knowing her veneration for him, had been in the habit, since his death, of arranging flowers before his photo.

Guy was musing. Then suddenly he went on:

"I shall see him before you."

"What on earth do you mean?" cried his mother, nonplussed.

"You understood quite well," he answered quietly. "I said I shall see Mgr. de Giberques before you."

"Oh! And what about me?"

"You? . . . m'well! I don't know when . . . I don't even know if you will see him again . . . that's hidden from me!"

Whereat, with a smile, he slipped his leg over the banister, and sliding the rest of the way, ran out to join Mark in the garden.

In October which followed, he met one day a boy who belonged to another school. Some class subject was mentioned.

"You've already started, have you?" asked Guy.

"Yes," replied the other. "And what about you?"

"January, I fancy," said Guy, "but I've an idea I'll be gone before then."

(To be Continued)

GRATITUDE TO GUY DE FONTGALLAND

Manteno, Illinois, July 7, 1941.

Dear Sister:

This letter has as its purpose the relating a remarkable cure which I desire to be recorded in the annals.

My little daughter, (five years old) was miraculously cured through the intercession of little Guy de Fontgalland.

Without knowing exactly the cause, she was suddenly taken seriously ill with a very high temperature, and became unconscious, having one convulsion after another. Her contracted nerves made her little hands and feet twist in all directions, which caused great anxiety to our Doctor who immediately summoned two registered nurses (as I myself was at the hospital recuperating from an operation.)

My oldest daughter, who attends the Academy reported to the Nuns the sad news of her little sister's illness, and her teacher, who has great devotion and confidence in little Guy sent a relic of Guy to my home which my husband placed on my little girl without delay.

It was decided by the Doctor that my daughter should be taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Kankakee, Ill., the next day to be inoculated with the serum against the disease, meningitis.

The child was motionless, apparently dead, however, there was a sudden alteration as soon as the relic touched her body.

So noticeable was the change that the nurse told my husband they did not know to what they should ascribe the cause of the great phenomena, then followed a consultation, after which the Doctors decided there was no need of antitoxin.

After a fortnight at the hospital and great tranquillity, my little daughter is back home and at this writing, she is playing in the yard with her little sisters.

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for the beatification of dear little Guy.

Last week I had a High Mass of Thanksgiving sung in his honor.

I will be delighted to propagate the devotion to Guy de Fontgalland and if you could send me any pamphlets, literature, medals or relics, I will be very thankful to you.

Gratefully and respectfully yours,
Signed: MRS. LEO HASSETT.

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Thibar 2 missions
Tunis
Tunis Sidi Brahim

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Oued' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguement-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghout 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kita
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Kachebere
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Ujiji
Ukerewe
Ushirombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

UGANDA

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisubi
Nkozi
Rubaga
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Gilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisiko
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenga
Mpala
Boukeye

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiates.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?
See inside of front cover.

Dispensary in Central Africa



Some Statistics of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa
for one year:

In 98 Dispensaries 1,937,433 Patients were cared for.

In 37 Hospitals 32,256 Patients were nursed.

In 29 Maternities 3,205 Women received treatments.

